

# ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE

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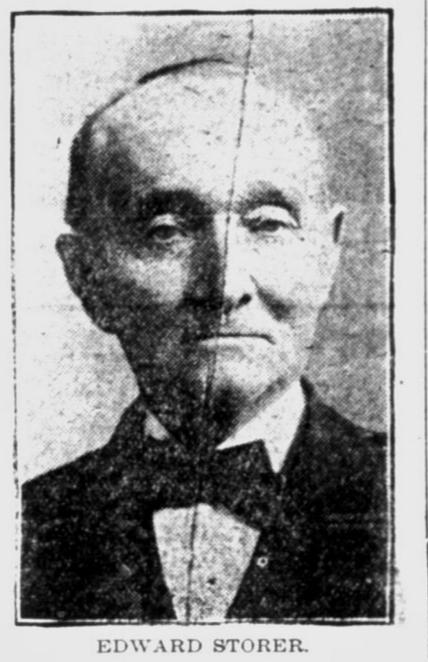
**N. J. HARDY,**  
657 Massachusetts Avenue,  
ARLINGTON.



### EDWARD STORER.

Death of Prominent Arlington Citizen  
—Member of Masonic Fraternity  
Forty years—Identified in the Organization of Menotomy Chapter.

Edward Storer, of 20 Central street, Arlington, a well known and much respected citizen, died at his home, Monday afternoon. The funeral was Wednesday afternoon from his late residence, with interment at Mt. Pleasant cemetery. Mr. Storer was born in Wells, Maine, in 1818, having been over 80 years of age. When about 19 years old, he came to Arlington, where he served an apprenticeship at carpentry with Deacon Jarvis. He went into business for himself, and for many years was leading carpenter. He was associated for a short time with the late James Blanchard, under his direction, some of the principal residences in the town were built, and also several school buildings.



EDWARD STORER.

### THE BUTCHERS WIN.

Lexington Grocers Defeated at Baseball—The Fourth Marked by Great Game—Such Playing Never Before Seen—Score of 49 to 15.

The only special observance of the Fourth in Lexington aside from the usual supply of fireworks and the expected noises from tin horns, fire crackers, torpedoes guns and other peace disturbances, was the ball game in the morning on the Parker street grounds. As was stated, this was the only special observance, but it was enough. It may be truly said that no ball game in the past with the much praised and much remembered skill of former muffers, and no game in the future, will be compared to the one Thursday. The game began at 9 o'clock and finished after seven innings, just noon.

The game was between the butchers and the grocers of Lexington, and the butchers won. This fact is not news,

for there is not a man, woman or child within a radius of many miles but what

is aware of the game and the outcome.

The grocers did not tell anybody. They did not want to.

"They put up a great game," but it was no use, and they succumbed to the meat carvers by the small score of 49 to 15.

Long before the game there was an expectant crowd of people on the grounds, having come early in order to watch the great practical work of the Lexington game. They decided how to place their money or which side to cheer. One by one the men marched onto the field, and were uproariously received by their several supporters. At just 9 o'clock Umpires Arthur Turner and Bert Reed stepped into the diamond with expressions of fear upon their faces, but both being brave men kept right on, and one of them yelled to the captains of the two sides: "Are you ready?" "Yes," was the reply, and the response was, "Play ball."

The men took their respective places, the butchers with cow's blood in their eyes and the sugar dealers with salt in their hair. There were among the spectators a few others who were there for the purpose of securing the greatest record of base-ball playing ever published, but the excitement was too great. After the first ball was pitched, the interest in the game put all thoughts of the complete score out of the minds of the experts. The scores acted as though they were paralyzed, and sat for a small boy who cut matches in a stick as the runs came in; it would never have been committed upon him by a negro who was engaged in haying near Teel street. The

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## AN OLD FASHIONED SOUL

Not hers the New Time's lofty lot  
To questions big replying;  
She only knows to keep the cot  
And soothe the children's crying.  
Not hers to stand in temples bright,  
Sad strife for strife returning;  
She only knows the lamps to light  
And keep the home fires burning.  
Not hers to move with iron will  
In paths of strange endeavor;  
She only knows that home is still  
The sweetest name forever!

There are her joys and there her tears,  
A life so sweetly human  
The world shall whisper through the years,  
"God bless that little woman!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

## TONY'S SACRIFICE.

A Deal In Oil Lands That Proved Disastrous.

By Marguerite Stabler.

Lambert of the Original Oil oligarchy tucked his telegram into his breast pocket with a loving little pat. This was the moment he had been working and living for all these months. "Veterinary daffodil jinks," it read, and, translated by his private cipher code, it meant he was to go ahead, buy the whole tract and draw on the company for the first payment.

The burning August sun beat relentlessly upon his unaccustomed head, his cold took on the hue of the road, his face was blistered and his eyeballs scorched by the heat, but so absorbed was he in the schemes that unrolled themselves before him that he forgot to fume because of his discomfort. He chuckled gleefully to himself notwithstanding the act involved the breathing of a mouthful of Kern county dust, for this was the climax he had almost despaired of reaching. Although he had never for a moment lost faith in the richness of this little strip of foothill country, the company had never until now been willing to raise the money for the first payment and the erection of the works necessary for its development, and he had come to realize that of a verity "faith without works is dead."

His company was not rich; Lambert, its heaviest stockholder, was worse than poor, being heels over head in debt. There were plenty of people he did not dare to meet because of overdue notes, several clubs he could not go near on account of delinquent dues and numberless underbred tradesmen who made his life a burden. But in the success of this deal he saw the end of all his troubles.

The loungers around the little hotel eyed him curiously as he drove up and followed at his heels as he made his way into the office, for such a turnout was not often seen in that part of the country. Lambert pushed his way through the crowd without seeing them and drank champagne to his rising fortunes as the uncooled beer trickled down his dusty throat. The name of Johnson of the Mammoth Mineral monopoly on the register made him open his eyes a trifle wider. Of course there was no reason why Johnson should not be there if he chose, but there was a coolness between the members of the two companies, especially between Johnson and himself.

The county records showed the title of the land to be vested in one Antonia Maria Lopez, so early the next morning Lambert started off to find her. But once out on the county roads, in the wastes of brown stubble fields, the directions he had received at the hotel became confused. No one seemed to know anything definite about the distance, and it had been variously estimated at from "about 15 miles" to 20. After following for several hours a road that seemed to have no turning he looked about for some one of whom he might inquire the way, and the first sign of life that came in sight was the figure of a woman walking toward him. But when he was almost near enough to address her she stopped, drew her sunbonnet over her eyes, tucked her skirts into one hand and scaled the four-railed fence as neatly as a boy might have done. Then, looking over her shoulder toward the dust cloud down the road, she slipped behind a boulder and waited for the wheels to pass. As the dust enveloped her in a blinding cloud the smart trap was brought up short with a clanking of chains and silver mountings.

"Could you tell me whether or not this is the road to the Lopez place?" Lambert asked.

The sunbonnet jerked forward in an affirmative nod.

"Then perhaps you will be so good as to direct me to it," Lambert continued.

"Yep," answered the girl. "It's right here."

A pause followed, while the man in the cart looked over the girl's head at the abomination of desolation epitomized in the prospect before him—the tumble-down fences, the rickety outbuildings—then at the forlorn little figure beside the boulder. His eyes sought hers for further information, but the bonnet had closed down over her features like the shell of an oyster.

"Then, perhaps, you are Miss Lopez," he ventured, "the heiress to the estate?"

"Nope," returned the bonnet, "I'm Tony Lopez. My folks are dead, and this here ranch won't be mine till I'm of age; that's all."

It was evident, Lambert told himself as he followed the girl to the house, that the purchase would be an easy matter, for she certainly had no idea of the value of her scrawny acres. Lambert's reputation was that he had a way with women, whatever that may mean, but certain it is that when his gray eyes looked straight out from their black lashes the object they rested upon, provided it was of the feminine gender, felt herself for the moment the center of the universe, and many a wiser girl than Tony might tell you so. Perhaps that was the reason she stammered and blushed, slipping her chinela on and off at the heel in embarrassment, when he said, "Have you ever thought of selling your property, Miss Lopez?"

Miss Lopez, to his surprise, he found noncommittal to the last degree. All his cross questioning elicited nothing more than a laconic "Nope." Then Lambert deliberately trained his gray eyes upon her and smiled down into her little freckled face, with the result that she told him the whole story.

"Ye gods!" he ejaculated inwardly as he explained that Johnson of the Mammoth Mineral monopoly had made her an offer at a figure that the Original Oil oligarchy could never touch, much less outbid. So this was not his own exclu-

sive scheme, after all! The new debts he had incurred on the strength of his prospects arose before him as he stared blankly at the wall. Johnson's company was rich, backed by substantial business men, while his was worse than poor, its heaviest stockholder a miserable spendthrift up to his ears in debt, his one hope now shattered by Johnson's rivalry. Johnson's eagerness to get the land was only another proof of its value. He must have it, he simply had to have it, and he would have it, he was saying to himself, while Tony, her tongue once loosened, babbled on, telling him the terms of Johnson's proposition and ending by saying he had pledged her to secrecy as to his part in it.

Lambert smoked long and furiously that night over this new phase of his difficulties, and as the smoke wreaths grew denser they evolved the vision of a rosy girl, with laughing eyes, who had promised to share his fortunes, however great they might be. Tony's little freckled face, he remembered, always beamed with pleasure from the depth of her bonnet when she saw him, and Tony, with a rich oil well back of her, and foreign travel, private tutors, Paris gowns, might in time become like other people, but here the laughing blue eyes arose through the smoke wreaths to mock him. He drew the difference between this lovely creature, the finished product of care and cultivation, and little Mexican What's-her-name slipping her chinela on and off at the heel as she talked to him. Still, Tony was a good little thing; she was slim and straight, and if she could be induced not to tot herself out in such outlandish colors she might be almost pretty, he mused. Then he stopped short and laughed at himself derisively. What could it matter to him whether she was pretty or not?

Tony was waiting for him the next time his trap clattered down the dusty road. She had that confiding manner that is so flattering to a man who knows the weakness of his strength. Johnson, she told him, had raised his offer for the whole tract, several thousand rocky, unproductive acres. Lambert groaned. He had to have it; there was no choice. So, with the figure of Johnson's offer staring him in the face, the prospect of bankruptcy pursuing him from behind and the only means of obtaining the prospective millions walking close beside him, blue eyes was forgotten, and he did it.

It was quickly said. Then he kissed her blushing cheeks, and the coveted land was his—and Tony. He had discreetly refrained from saying anything more about her property after hearing Johnson's offer, so she did not know he cared anything about it, and there was not a doubt as to his sincerity in her simple little heart.

Johnson was the first man Lambert met when he went back to the hotel. He made a strained effort to be affable, and Lambert, who could afford now to be generous, pitied him for the disappointment in store for him and tried to outdo him in forced friendliness. They walked up to the bar like two old friends, and Lambert proposed a toast to "success." Each man drank deep to himself, eying the other comiseratingly for the shock he was about to receive.

Tony was undeniably a good little thing, although Lambert regarded her merely as his means of escape from insolvency, and his only feeling for her was a vague sort of gratitude. She bore him by the abject devotion she lavished upon him. Once, however, it had really touched him, when she had said, "For you there is nothing in the world I would not gladly sacrifice."

But he had only said: "Yes, yes, that's a good girl; but you shouldn't wear bright pink. It is not becoming."

Lambert's success went to his head and made him long to throw his arms around the neck of the whole world and treat the largest wall paper houses in Boston. Drop me a card and I will call with samples. All sizes of glass on hand. Sign writing a specialty. Personal supervision given to all work and satisfaction guaranteed. I respectfully solicit a further share of your patronage.

## PUZZLE PICTURE.



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15 lbs. of ice daily, per week . . . . .	.40
20 " " " " " . . . . .	.50
25 " " " " " . . . . .	.60
25 " " at one delivery . . . . .	.10
50 " " " " " . . . . .	.15
100 " " " " " . . . . .	.25
200 " to 500 lbs. at one delivery. . . . .	20 per cwt.
500 " and upwards . . . . .	15 "

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Geo. D. Moore, president; R. Walter Hilliard, secretary; W. A. Peirce, treasurer. Meets in banking rooms of First National bank, first Tuesday in each month, at 7:30 p.m. Money offered at auction at 8:30.

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## ARLINGTON FINANCE CLUB.

Meets by invitation fourth Tuesday in each month.

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Hiram Lodge.

Meets in Masonic hall, corner Massachusetts avenue and Medford street, Thursday on or before the full moon.

## MENOTOMY ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER.

Meets third Tuesday of each month in Masonic hall.

## INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

Bethel Lodge, No. 12.

Meets in Odd Fellows hall. Bank building, every Wednesday evening, at 8.

Ida F. Butler Rebekah Lodge, No. 152.

Meets first and third Monday evenings of each month in Bethel lodge room.

## ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Circle Lodge, No. 7.

Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month in K. of C. hall, over Shattuck's store.

## ROYAL ARCANUM.

Menotomy Council, No. 1781.

Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month in Grand Army hall, 370 Massachusetts avenue, at 8 p.m.

## UNITED ORDER INDEPENDENT ODD LADIES.

Golden Rule Lodge, No. 51.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

## WOMEN'S RELIEF CORPS, NO. 43.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

## SONS OF VETERANS.

Camp 45.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, on the third Wednesday of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

## WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

Meets in St. John's Parish house, Maple street, second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

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This remedy is in no sense a nostrum but a specific for this disease only, and is so skillfully devised and prepared that it is thoroughly soluble and pleasant to the taste, so that it can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it. Thousands of Drunkards have cured themselves with this priceless remedy, and as many more have been cured and made temperate men by having the "CURE" administered by loving friends and relatives without their knowledge in coffee or tea, and believe today that they discontinued of their own free will. DO NOT WAIT. Do not be deluded by apparent and misleading "improvement." Drive out the disease at once and for all time. The "HOME GOLD CURE" is sold at the extremely low price of One Dollar, thus placing within reach of everybody a treatment more effectual than others costing \$25 and \$50. Full directions accompany each package. Special advice by skilled physicians when requested without extra charge. Sent prepaid to any part of the world on receipt of One Dollar. Address Dept. B 650 EDWIN B. GILES & COMPANY, 2350 and 2322 Market Street, Philadelphia. All correspondence strictly confidential.

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**THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.**

LESSON I, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 7.

**Text of the Lesson, Gen. 1, 1 to 11, 3. Memory Verses, 26, 27—Golden Text, Gen. 1, 1—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.**

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It is very refreshing to turn after so long a time in our studies to the beginning of this heavenly book, God's own beginning of His own book, but how to say just a little of what ought to be said on so large and important a portion in so brief a space is difficult. The Bible begins and ends with a perfect condition of things on earth (Gen. i and ii; Rev. xxi and xxii), no sin, no curse, no sorrow, no suffering, no devil visible. Gen. iii introduces us to the adversary, and Rev. xx has of his final destiny.

1. A sublime and simple statement of how the world was made. Compare Ps. xxiii, 6; Jer. xxii, 17. As to the one by whom God did it all see John 1, 13; Col. 1, 14-16. The word here translated God is a plural word, and we may see here the Trinity. Not only find comfort in the power of our Lord and Saviour, but what you cannot begin with God do not begin at all, whether a book or letter or transaction.

2. Waste and void and darkness (see R. V.) are not suggestive of God, and Isa. xlv, 8, I. V., says that God did not make the earth a waste. The first verse is a dateless verse and tells us of what God did perhaps tens or hundreds of thousands of years ago. The second verse tells us of how things were some 6,000 years ago when God began to bring order and beauty and fruitfulness out of the chaos and darkness. The interval between the first and second verses gives room for all the geological periods which may be desired.

3. The words "and God said," used ten times in this chapter, tell us of the word of God by which or by whom all things were made. The Spirit of God is the great worker and the word of God is the great instrument by which God accomplishes all things. So the two phrases, "the Spirit of God moved" and "God said," tell how God does all His work in nature or in grace. As to light coming by the word, see II Cor. iv, 6; Ps. cxxix, 130, and on the division between light and darkness see II Cor. vi, 14.

6-8. The second day's work is a firmament or expanse, not something solid, but something thin or rare, dividing waters above from waters below. I am willing to believe that these six days were six ordinary days, as any simple person would suppose from Ex. xx, 11, and that God did on each day just what He says He did. The simplest way of reading Scripture is the best (Math. xi, 25).

The practical lessons for the heart and life all through this portion are very simple and helpful. Verse 2 describes the heart and life of every unsaved person, and the first day's work is suggestive of the new birth and the division that at once begins to be made manifest in the life. The second day's work suggests how the life is to be nourished not by waters below, but by waters above, and is illustrated by Jer. ii, 13; John iv, 13, 14; Rev. xxi, 6; xxii, 17.

9-13. On the third day the dry land is made to appear, and He covers it with grass, herbs and trees. The suggestion for the believer is that of a resurrection life and fruitfulness and is set forth in such passages as Col. iii, 14; Phil. i, 11; iii, 10; John xv, 1-11. The seed and fruit after his kind whose seed is in itself reminds us that flesh produces only that which is fleshly, and the spiritual can only come by the Spirit. Grapes do not grow on thorns, nor figs on thistles (John iii, 6; Math. vi, 16). The association of the third day and resurrection is seen in the stories of Isaac and Jonah and the marriage in Cana (Gen. xxii, 4; Math. xix, 40; John ii, 1, also in Hos. vi, 2).

14-19. On the fourth day the sun, moon and stars are appointed for signs, seasons, days and years, to be lights in the firmament and to rule over the day and night. We think of them in connection with seasons, days and years, but are not apt to consider that they are signs, and when attention is called to Jer. xxxi, 35, 36; xxxiii, 20, 21, and that Israel is always a nation before God some people are greatly astonished. The sun turns our attention to the Lord God as our sun and shield and to the time when the righteous shall shine forth as the sun (Ps. lxxxiv, 11; Math. xiii, 43). The moon, which is said to be a ruin of nature and reflects upon us the light of the sun, tells us how we are to let our light shine that God may be glorified, by living in His light and abiding in His love, by seeing Jesus only.

20-23. The fifth day shows us the waters and the air, with abundance of fishes and fowl, and command given them to be fruitful and multiply and fill the waters and multiply in the earth. The fifth day is associated with blessing and abundant multiplication, for here the words are first used, and we cannot but think of Prov. x, 22, R. V., "The blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and toll addeth nothing thereto;" of His blessing which gave Israel a three years' crop in the sixth year and fed abundantly 5,000 men with five loaves.

24-31. On the sixth day cattle and creeping things and beasts of the earth are made, and man in the image of God, male and female, to have dominion over all; man made of the dust of the earth, a full grown, perfect man, and woman made of a part of man's body and given to him to be a helpmeet for him; and He called their name Adam (chapters ii and v, 1, 2). The Spirit tells us by Paul in Eph. v, 30-32, that Adam and Eve are typical of Christ and the church, and the Spirit elsewhere teaches us that as Eve was builded out of Adam by his sleep (Gen. ii, 21, 22, margin), so by virtue of the death and resurrection of Christ, the true Eve, the church is now being builded out of Him, and, when completed, shall be brought to Him, and there shall be a marriage and then the kingdom (Rev. xix, 7; Dan. vii, 27).

31-3. This portion tells us that on the seventh day God ended and rested from His work and blessed the seventh day and sanctified it. We have the practical teaching in Heb. iv, where we learn that we can only enter into rest when we cease from our own works as God did from His. Thus we may daily enjoy a constant Sabbath while we wait for the rest that remaineth. As to keeping one day in seven wholly for God, I know of no better instruction than Isa. lvii, 13, 14. In this section of Genesis the only name of Deity is God used just 35 times, or 5 by 7, signifying abundant perfection, and when God becomes all in all in us, as He is in this portion, we shall be abundantly perfected.

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**THE WINDS.**

When sluggish lags my pulse, I plead  
The rigorous north will rouse and blow,  
Clearing the far horizon's blur,  
Starting the rime chant of the fir  
And bringing for mine earnest need  
The bracing tonic of the snow.

When I incline to dreams and fain,  
With half shut lids, would lounge and see,  
The boughs swing languorously above  
To low, thrush litanies of love,  
And ripples goldenly the grain,  
The south for me, the south for me!

When melancholy suits my mood,  
I long to list, mid lapsing leaves,  
The misty east discourse of pain  
In its thin minor, and the rain,  
With ancient sorrowing imbued,  
Make plaintive patter round the eaves.

And when the pilgrim zest is strong  
For brackened pathways mounting high  
Along the hill slopes to the crest,  
Then would I have the ardent west  
Fling me his buoyant welcome song,  
Toss me his old ecstatic cry.

So with the veering winds that sweep  
The empyrean I am one;  
Feeling close kinship unto each,  
Soul sympathies of spirit speech,  
Blow they or shrill or low or deep!  
Across the face of God's white sun!

—Clinton Scollard in Youth's Companion.

|||||

**BELINDA ANN.**

—♦—

**A Story of a Ride in an Automobile.**

|||||

It was all because the street car company charged two fares. Belinda Ann hadn't expected any such extortion. Consequently she was not prepared for it. Besides this, Belinda Ann was proud. If she hadn't been proud, she would have said to the conductor, "You will excuse my ignorance, sir, but the fact is I was not aware that you demanded a second fare for this end of the line, and as I am not prepared to meet the

THE ENTERPRISE.  
WILSON PALMER, . . . Editor.

[Entered as Second-Class Matter]

Saturday, July 6, 1901.

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## OUR "FIRE BOYS."

Our fire boys, the Arlington Veteran Fire association, showed themselves, as they always do, to good advantage in Newburyport, last week Wednesday. The Eureka was one of seventeen engines present, and she outpaced twelve of them. Arlington feels proud of her fire organization—the "boys" are invariably prompt in responding to the alarm of fire, and they always work effectively. Always upon its good behavior, the Arlington Veteran Fire association, wherever it goes, speaks well for our town. It made a taking appearance in Newburyport. Here's to our fire laddies!

## "SILENCE IS GOLDEN."

The above is what says the Swiss inscription and never was a truer word spoken. Nothing will kill one so dead as your ceaseless talker, one who never gives his tongue a rest from morning until night. Have you never come across one of those fellows who always has something to say and who is always saying it? If you have, then you well know what it is to be well nigh bored to death. We feel the perspiration starting out from every pore of our body as we call to mind one of these eternally bound-to-say-it-alls—O, how he has crucified us with his endless talk! Our well-meaning friend, in telling his story, always had a thousand and one collaterals to relate. With him one thing suggested another, so his tongue kept on the go the whole day long. And then in addition to all this, the focal dates from which he invariably started his torrents of words were another additional cause of final death. This friend whom we have in mind never could make one of his interminable statements without giving it date at the time of his Pauline conversation. "Let me see," he would continue, "all this happened something like a week after the Lord had spoken peace to my soul." Wicked as it may seem, we have wished many and many a time when the inquisitorial friend to whom we refer was dinging it into our ears, that he had never been converted and that the Lord had never spoken peace to his soul. Well, "the fools are not all dead yet." Good Lord, deliver us from the man who doesn't understand how to keep his mouth closed for at least a part of the time.

"Words are like leaves; and where they most abound  
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."

Pope surely had his senses about him when he wrote the above couplet.

## OUR SUMMER CAMPAIGN.

Our summer campaign in journalism is near at hand, and so, armed and equipped, we are about to take up the line of march. General Grant immortalized himself through his declaration, "I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer"; and in no way different do we propose to fight it out on the journalistic line. The hot weather affords no valid reason why one should let up in his work, and especially is this true in all that pertains to newspaperdom. The Enterprise has shown itself not only willing but anxious to put in its best work the long year through, let the weather be what it might. There has been no slowing down in any department of the Arlington Enterprise. It has not been wanting in anything that may rightfully be considered substantial news. It has been especially mindful of its editorial columns. Indeed, the Enterprise has been, and ever will be, up-to-date as a newspaper. It recognizes no other interest aside from that of its readers and that of this immediate public. This much we say lest any might possibly conclude that the Enterprise might suffer in its editorial department while its editor is at the mountains.

Why, bless your soul, dear reader, we are going to the mountains largely that we may receive new power for our work. The mountains are our Jerusalem where we tarry for a brief while that we may receive a larger infusion of the spirit. To get into that clear upper air, coming in touch with those everlasting heights, and taking in those genial and picturesque skies, will prove to us a new birth, and then, as we have previously stated, we shall give the Enterprise each week a little description of that mountain scenery, telling in full of our wanderings in that north country. So take the Enterprise and enjoy with us our vacation. Where we go you shall go, and where we climb you shall climb also. And do not forget that the live, wide-awake manager, Mr. Arthur E. Seagrave, is to be on deck and at his desk the whole summer long. So again we say, read the Enterprise while the hot weather is on.

## GARRETT J. CODY.

The sad and untimely death with which the faithful and brave Patrolman Garrett J. Cody met on Tuesday, while in the performance of his duty as an officer of the law, is a calamity to all Arlington. It is not surprising that our immediate public should be as incensed and enraged at the atrocious crime of the negro Smith in cruelly shooting down an officer of the law, one of our own townsmen, that it felt at the moment like dealing out summary justice to the murderer. It is much better and wiser, however, as it is, that the law should take its course, for in this instance the one committing the outrageous, dastardly

deed can in no possible way escape the full penalty of the law. In our newspaper work in Arlington for the past two years and more, we had become intimately acquainted with Officer Cody, and found him to be what Arlington had long recognized, an efficient and faithful member of our police force. Mr. Cody was ever ready to respond to the call of duty at whatever risk to himself personally. He never resorted to force in quelling a disturbance until he had resorted to all other means. During his entire official record he had proven himself true to the trust imposed upon him. Patrolman Cody never shirked a duty, however disagreeable that duty may have been. It was recognized in all the police departments of the surrounding towns that Garrett J. Cody was especially fitted for the conserving and preserving of the public peace. In both his official and private life Mr. Cody had gathered about him many friends who will deeply mourn his death. All Arlington will join with the sorely bereaved family in this hour of their almost crushing affliction. We are sure that our town will see that generous provision is made for the family so bereft, and that it will at an early day erect a fitting monument to the hero who gave his life that the law might be sustained and that the public peace might be preserved. A full report of the deadly crime for which the negro Smith must finally answer will be found in another column. Let us hope that the law will be swift to execute judgment.

## BETWEEN THE LINES.

That journalist does the best and counts the most who has that rare ability to write between the lines. That conversation or writing which in no way suggestive must speedily end and this too abruptly. Back of the "yes" and "no" there is little or no debate. To suggest nothing by your conversation is to drive your interviewer to the wall. It is oftentimes the unspoken and the unwritten word that tells the most. A partial revelation of the fact not infrequently puts that fact in the strongest light. One of the peculiarly attractive features of Emerson as a writer is found in what he doesn't say. There is always a charm in what he does say; but to get the full scope and beauty of his thought one must read between his lines. Take for instance that sentence of the immortal philosopher wherein he declares that "A friend is one before whom you may think aloud." In this one short, terse declaration Emerson substantially writes a whole essay on friendship. To tell the whole story divests it of much of the interest that it would otherwise have. There must be something left to the imagination of the reader if we would hold his interest. That man who tells it all and more, too, is a bore. It is the half hidden and the suggestive that rivets our attention and puts us on the hunt. To read between the lines is to gain admittance to the innermost heart and soul of the writer; it is to be taken into his confidence, so that you may catch even his whispers. This same truth holds good throughout the natural world. The moon half hidden by the silver-lined cloud becomes both poetry and picture. The charm of the morning is found not so much in the full ushering in of the day, as it is through those first streakings of the east which tell of the coming of the sun in all his majestic glory. Woman well understands this attractive power in partial expression, and so it substantially becomes to her a fundamental requisite in all things pertaining to her wardrobe. Nature seldom or never makes a full revelation of herself. She always keeps something back which she suggests in a thousand ways through earth and air and sky. Even the Infinite One has not made a full revelation of himself. It is part and parcel of the eternal plan that something should be left unsaid and undone that the mind may ever have unexpected fields to investigate. We have the known from which to solve the unknown. It isn't given to us to know it all here, neither shall we know it all hereafter. We are evermore to read between the lines, and that author or writer is only deserving of immortality who finds his between the lines.

## "HE DIED FOR ME."

During the War of the Rebellion, a substitute who had gone to the front for a neighbor of his was shot down in the battle of the Wilderness. Subsequently, the neighbor, sparing no time or expense, successfully sought out the grave of the substitute, on southern soil, and there erected a simple headstone on which he had inscribed, "He died for me." This gives us our subject for this editorial, namely: The highest life is found in that unselfish love for another that will give its life, if need be, for that other. You may call it sentiment or whatever else you will, still the truth remains that the man who lives to and for himself alone represents a death than icy cold to the touch of our better humanity. We must give our individual life to whatever cause we may have at heart before we can be said to live. It is unfortunate that we so frequently give wrong definitions to life. We woefully deceive ourselves when we conclude that we are achieving the most worthy ends when only our individual prosperity seems assured. What we regard as getting on in the world is oftentimes a long step backward. That good fortune which does not take into its reckoning the success of another is no success at all. That man who will gloat over the failure of another, thinking thereby the field in his department of labor will be all his own, makes a fundamental mistake in all right living. Such men, who live for self, and glorify self, need to be crucified daily; they need to die and be buried, that they may be resurrected to a larger and grander life. The everlasting truth will not down, do what we may. We must die for others, that others may live through us. Just cast about you, and see how few of your acquaintances and friends have a single thought for the welfare of others. It not infrequently takes the earthquake and the cyclone in our experiences to bring us to a better understanding of things. It is exceedingly difficult for any of us to see our equal in another, and much more difficult is it for us to recognize a superior in another. We may do so much object that others may die for us as we do object giving our life for somebody else. It is a mathematical as well as a scriptural truth that he most lives who gives his life that others may live. He gets the most out of life who puts the most into it. "He died for me"

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J. CRAMOND, 28 Mass. Ave., Arlington.

F. DUNSFORD, 9 Grove St., Arlington.

**J. J. TOOMEY,**  
Fashionable Hairdresser.

Pompadour and Children's Hair-cutting a Specialty. Razors Honed and Reconcaved.

HUNT BLOCK, MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

## THE HELLO GIRL.

## Arlington People Appreciate a Good Thing—Some People Don't.

"Hello! Hello! Give me 342-3. Hello! Hello! Why in thunder don't you ring up? Say, have you gone to sleep, or what's the matter? Hello! Confound it, do you suppose I want to stay here all day? The line is busy? Well, cut them out, for I'm in a hurry. Hello! Where's my party? Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello! I gave it to you half an hour ago; are you deaf? 342-3. They don't answer? Well, try 'em again. Say, are you sure you rang the right number? Well, call me when you get them and— Such is the sample of language hurled at the telephone girls everywhere, every day in the year, and especially in Boston, and set telephone subscribers who consider themselves ladies and gentlemen and who would never allow themselves to be disrespectful to a young lady whom they meet upon the street, just as if they were responsible for business troubles, for the weather, or a toothache.

Such is the right. If your line is noisy, blame the telephone girl. If you can't get your party just when you want to, blame the telephone girl. If your call is not answered the moment you ring the bell, blame the telephone girl when you get the chance, tell her she is slower than cold molasses, and that the service is the poorest you ever seen. If you can't get your party as you would like, little dirty yellow dog, and if she cuts you off and you find you are talking to yourself and the receiver, ring her up again and attempt to finish the conversation. Keep it up, pile on the abuse, be as impolite as possible, swear a little if things do not suit you, and always expect to receive soft answers. When you do, be very careful not to speak pleasantly to the operator, for the surprise she might receive would possibly be fatal. If your first ring is not answered at once, don't make a long ring next time, for the girls can't hear the bell as you can, and your effort is wholly lost in consequence. Don't bother yourself to look up the number of the person you wish to talk with, but call the operator a dozen if she does not have the number of the four hundred and more subscribers. Never trouble yourself to ring off after talking, even though the rules so read, for it will put you to so much trouble. Above all things, never think there is any other subscriber on the exchange who may be using the line you want, and never consider the feelings of the young lady operators in respecting your conversation to them.

Do not risk a visit to the central office, for if you should call and see the amount of work those same hello girls are doing, should see how quickly they work when the drops fly. Don't wait and knock on the door of a subscriber, you might wish to take back some words you said the other day, and in the future you would never have the fun of venting your spite on the hello girl. So stay away. But if you should still have a curiosity to see the operators at work, and be willing to forego the pleasure of finding fault with them, when you are feeling well yourself, just drop in to the office for a moment. Don't stay long, but you will be pleasantly received and old scores will pass unnoticed.

Such is the story of the telephone girl in many towns and cities, but not so in Arlington. It is not claimed there are no subscribers who would not be included in the list of offenders. It is claimed that the vast majority of the subscribers, operators themselves, there are good reasons why this is so. The operators at the Arlington exchange are particularly proficient in their work, quick in answering calls, and very accommodating.

## ROBBINS LIBRARY.

## NEW BOOKS.

Baker, G. P. Principles of argumentation .....	347.3
Bell, Lillian. Expatriates .....	1823.3
Bullen, F. T. With Christ at sea .....	4.85
Church, R. W. Bacon (English men of letters) .....	1614.92
Dodd, Anna B. Cathedral days. Tour in southern England .....	50.33
Evans, R. D. Sailor's log. Recollections of forty years of naval life .....	3782.90
*Four footed friends .....	R. L.
*Friends for the zoo .....	R. L.
Heath's home and school classics, Aiken, John, and others. Eyes and no eyes, and other stories .....	1066.2
Book of nursery rhymes: being Mother Goose's melodies arranged in the order of attractiveness and interest by Chas. Welsh .....	117.43
Brown, Frances. Wonderful chair and the tales it told .....	1093.26
Dole, Chas. F. Crib and Fly: a tale of two terriers .....	342.1
Edgeworth, Maria, and others. Waste not, want not, and other stories .....	1066.3
Ewing, Julian H. Story of a short life. Abridged .....	376.11
Hamerton, Philip G. Chapters on animals: dogs, cats and horses .....	65.41
History of the life of Cody .....	112.8
Homer. Adventures of Ulysses. Adapted by Chas. Lamb from Chapman's translation of the Odyssey .....	5083.41
Ingleton, Jean. Three fairy tales .....	1093.27
Martineau, Harriet. Crofton boys .....	647.3
Motley, J. L. Siege of Leyden. Condensed from Rise of the Dutch Republic by E. Griffin .....	83.12
Robins, John. King of the Golden River, or, the black brother .....	1093.27
Segur, Sophie R. D. Story of a donkey. Abridged .....	836.3
Shakespeare, W. Comedy of errors. Abridged and ed. by Sarah W. Hiestand .....	834.28
Midsummer-night's dream. Abridged and ed. by Sarah W. Hiestand .....	593.31
Tempest. Abridged and ed. by Sarah W. Hiestand .....	834.29
Winter's tale. Abridged and ed. by Sarah W. Hiestand .....	834.31
Six nursery classics. Ed. by M. V. O'Shea .....	1093.47
Swift, Jonathan. Gulliver's travels. Parts 1 and 2 .....	857.2
Tales from the travels of Baron Munchausen. Ed. by Edward E. Hale .....	655.21
Imbert de Saint-Amand, A. L. baron. Second French series .....	290.6
2. Napoleon III. and his court .....	64.11
3. Court of the second empire .....	64.12
4. France and Italy .....	64.13
Morley, Margaret W. Wasps and their ways .....	595.3
*Mother Goose chimes .....	R. L.
Muller, F. M. ed. Saddharma-Pundarika, etc. (Sacred books of the East, v. 10) .....	290.6
*Old woman who lived in a shoe (an other story) .....	R. L.
Pierce, F. C. Field genealogy. 2v. ....	205.7
Pool, Maria L. Melton farm. Sequel to In the first person .....	7471.12
Popular science monthly, v. 5. 1874 P. S. M.	7471.12
Potocka, Anna T. countess. Memoirs. Ed. by C. Stryienski .....	7074.90
Rayner, Emma. Visiting the sun. ....	7750.13
Runkle, Bertha. Helmet of Navarre .....	805.1
Shaler, N. S. Individual: a study of life and death .....	577.2
Supthen, W. G. van Tassel. Cardinals' rose .....	886.1
Swan, C. H., Jr. Monetary problems and reforms .....	332.21
Wiggins, Kate D. Penelope's Irish experiences .....	9608.11
Zola, Emile. Lourdes. 2v. ....	9973.4
June 29, 1901.	

## Arlington and Winchester Street Railway.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell and Lynn at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.15, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p.m. Leave Winchester for Arlington, 5.45, 7.55 a.m., and every 30 minutes until 11.45 p.m. Cars at Winchester connect with Stoneham, Reading, Woburn and Lynn Sundays.

Leave Arlington Centre at 8.45, 9.15

## THE ENTERPRISE.

[Entered as Second-Class Matter]

Saturday, July 6, 1901.

THE ENTERPRISE IS FOR SALE IN LEXINGTON BY:

H. V. Smith, Lexington.  
L. A. Austin, P. O., East Lexington.  
W. L. Burrill, P. O., North Lexington.

## A CORDIAL WELCOME.

The Independent extends its most sincere congratulations to Mr. J. Lee Robinson, the former manager of the Enterprise, on his appointment to a responsible position on the staff of the Cambridge Chronicle. Mr. Robinson's courteous and pleasant intercourse with our citizens won him their lasting respect, while his business capabilities were at all times recognized. We wish him every success in his new sphere of labor. The Independent also desires to extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Robinson's successor, Mr. Arthur E. Seagrave.—Lexington Independent.

Thanks, Brother Flynn. We are pleased to receive this cordial greeting to the new manager as well as the kind words for the old. You have our best wishes for success.

## A FRIEND.

"A friend," says Emerson, "is a person with whom I may be sincere, before whom I may think aloud." And Emerson believed just what he said, and he illustrated his definition by the open life he lived. What a volume of meaning the Concord philosopher had in that declaration "before whom I may think aloud."

Why is it that the most of us insist on smothering our innermost thoughts, fearing lest our so-called friends shall somehow come to learn them? There can be no satisfaction or pleasure in that professed friendship which drives us apart. What we men and women need to do is to come together, and we shall only come together when we are willing to think aloud in each other's presence. Suppose we do occasionally shock one another by so doing? We need to be shocked more or less frequently that we may come to know ourselves and others as we are. The earthquake and the cyclone are as much needed in the world of morals, as in the natural world. Let us think aloud and then let us speak aloud.

## BUSINESS HOURS.

Business hours should never be interrupted by the outsider. And yet how forgetful the most of us are in relation to this rightful demand of business men! The business office should admit of no conversation that is not related to the business of that office. Nothing is more provoking and exasperating than to have one drop in upon you when you are engaged in some important duty of the day. And yet there are those who will claim your time to tell a "yarn" or to peddle neighborhood gossip, even though you are about to select your scriptural reading which is to precede the morning family devotions. O these hangers-on! If on a business errand, they will squander an hour of their own time, and what is worse, they will squander a precious hour of your time, in talking and discussing non-essentials. Do your errand, good friend, in the shortest possible time, and then be off. You have no right to steal the time of business men. Time is such an important element in the success of the varied enterprises of the public, that no one is able to enter the offices of our business men in any average city, without first passing in his card and making his business known. And all this is just as it should be. A man with half an eye ought to readily see the impropriety of trespassing upon another's time. This eternal law of fitness, how it is disregarded! These time killers "are enough to make a minister swear."

F. E. Downer recently received the appointment as agent for the Maryland Casualty Co. to sell three different policies, health, accident, and employers liability. During the first three days after the appointment, he claims to have received \$50 worth of business. His office is with Undertaker C. T. West.

## North Lexington.

Cornelius L. Pherson was in court at Concord yesterday on a complaint of disturbing the peace Thursday night, and was fined \$25. Officer McGuire made the arrest and claimed the defendant had used vulgar and indecent language on an electric car.

Residents here are complaining of the obnoxious smell which comes from the loads of manure unloaded from cars at the depot, and carted to Lexington farms. During the past week the stench has been almost unbearable and a complaint is to be made to the board of health to have the nuisance abated. Not only the residents near the station complain of the strong odor, but men who drive past the loads as they are being carted off. Some time ago the manure, which comes from Boston, was unloaded at the Lexington yard, but complaints came so thick and fast that the board of health put a stop to it. North Lexington people believe their health is endangered by the present arrangement, and wish the nuisance abated by stopping it altogether, or else having the cars run to a side track somewhere and then unloaded.

Miss Lillian Hamilton, of Smith college, is home on a vacation.

John Hamilton is home from college.

Miss Florence Wing leaves today for Europe to study German and French. Miss Wing is a graduate of Wellesley and a teacher at the Lexington High school.

A fine display of fireworks illuminated the grounds of George W. Taylor, Thursday night.

## East Lexington.

Miss Mary F. Kauffmann has been re-appointed supervisor of music and drawing at the Hyannis schools with an increase of salary.

Miss Florence Kauffmann has received the appointment of assistant teacher at the Newton High school. She begins her duties in the fall.

A broken stone on a rail near Bryant's corner, between an electric car Monday night, about 8 o'clock, was replaced at 2 o'clock Tuesday morning.

R. W. Holbrook had a beautiful crimson Rambler rose on the front of his house. It has grown rapidly this year and covers almost half of the front porch.

The Unitarian church and Sunday school go on a picnic to Boardman grove Wednesday, the members of the school receiving free transportation through the kindness of Alfred Pierce.

Malcolm Torrey has received word that his wife, who was seriously ill in Nova Scotia, is improving.

Orrin Pierce of Mattapan is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. Harrison Pierce. John Hanscom, of Deep River, Ct., is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Jane Hanscom.

The Middlesex Gun club held a shoot here Thursday.

John Chisholm, the well known harness maker, entertained a large number of friends last week Friday evening at his home on the avenue. The occasion was his sixty-first birthday and it was fittingly observed. Seven pieces furnished music for the company. Songs were sung, cigars smoked and refreshments were enjoyed. The grounds back of the house were brilliantly illuminated with Chinese lanterns.

## BAPTIST SOCIETY.

Mr. Fisher, of Revere, preached for the Baptists in Village hall, Sunday evening, from John 10:10. "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly."

Mr. James Pearce will lead the meeting Sunday evening, after which there will be a meeting of the society to make arrangements for the summer months.

## CROSSING HEARING.

The Lexington selectmen gave a hearing Saturday afternoon on the Woburn street crossing controversy. The plan of the railroad, to take on Woburn street, crossing land of James F. Russell on the southerly side of the street, and the amount of damages to be assessed, was the cause of the hearing. At 3:30 o'clock the selectmen viewed the premises, and at 7 in the evening a hearing was held. Hon. A. E. Scott appeared for Mr. Russell and Roger P. Clapp was for the Lexington & Boston Street Railway company. The former claimed the damage to the Russell property was very great, while Mr. Clapp thought and argued differently. Among those present at the hearing were Sidney Harwood, president of the street railway company, and Horace G. Parker, general manager. A. D. Stone, a traveling salesman for Boston wholesale grocery, has won a free trip to Buffalo by being one of fifty to sell the largest quantity of Worcester salt. He leaves July 13 for one week with expenses paid.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Miles welcomed a baby boy to their home this week.

## LEXINGTON LOCALS.

At a meeting of the Waltham board of aldermen, Monday night, the petition of the Concord & Boston Street Railway company for more time to build its line in Trapelo road was referred to the committee on street railways.

Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Watson are at Chiltonville for the season.

Charles T. Bunker is at Nantucket for the summer.

Rev. E. A. Horton, the widely known Unitarian divine, with Mrs. Horton and Miss Horton, are here for the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Rolfe will spend the summer at Atlantic City.

Miss F. E. Huckins is spending the summer at Freedom, N. H.

John A. Fratus is spending a vacation at Provincetown.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Robbins, of Boston, have arrived at Liberty Hall, their summer home.

Mr. and Mrs. August Young of Utica street, observed their fifth wedding anniversary last Saturday at their home, surrounded by 40 of their friends. The guests sat at the piano and sang light music during the evening by Chinese lanterns, and the company spent the evening in the house and on the lawn in merrymaking. Supper was served at 8 o'clock. A number of handsome presents were left as tokens of esteem by those in attendance.

G. P. Davis, of Boston, has purchased the Carl St. John house on Hancock street, and will have the place thoroughly renovated, and will remove to Lexington to make his permanent residence in the spring.

Francis H. Brown, formerly of Lexington, son of W. H. Brown, is stopping at the Russell house.

The new grand jury for Suffolk county was sworn in and charged, Monday morning, by Judge Bishop in the superior criminal court, and retired to its chamber to investigate the cases on the July docket. It will probably report its findings today. Some important cases are on the dockets this month, conspicuous among which is that of Dr. Sumner, who is accused of assaulting Peter Damros, his daughter's music teacher, with a loaded revolver, with intent to kill, at the former's home on Chestnut street, on the evening of May 29.

Edward T. Harrington & Co. report that Stoughton Bell, trustee, has sold the farm located on Old Bedford road, containing 20 acres of land, together with buildings, to Etta Ingerson.

The funeral of Mrs. Anna J. P. Gibbons wife of Dr. Sherwin Gibbons, was held at West Roxbury, Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The service was at the Episcopalian church of that place. Interment was at the West Roxbury cemetery.

Selectman E. S. Spaulding spent the Fourth with his son, Charles Spaulding, of Harvard, Mass.

Owing to Thursday's being a holiday, the selectmen met Tuesday instead of Thursday this week.

Mrs. M. E. Downer, Miss Louise Downer, Mrs. William Hunt and the Lewis Hunt family are at Annisquam.

The tax rate this year as announced by the assessors is \$18 per thousand, a raise of \$3 over last year. The assessors are busily engaged in figuring up the amounts due from the several tax payers, and have been obliged to work all the past week despite the intense heat, and no doubt were as hot as some of the tax payers will be when they receive announcement of the amount they will be obliged to pour into the coffers of the town.

Rev. Carleton A. Staples has been ill the past week, and was unable to preach Sunday.

The selectmen did not appoint a police officer at the meeting Tuesday, as they at first intended, but decided to have the applicants submit to a physical examination before an appointment is made.

A. D. Stone, a traveling salesman for Boston wholesale grocery, has won a free trip to Buffalo by being one of fifty to sell the largest quantity of Worcester salt. He leaves July 13 for one week with expenses paid.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Miles welcomed a baby boy to their home this week.

## BAPTIST CHURCH.

The farewell sermon of Rev. John Hosmer Cox was preached Sunday morning before a large audience. The text of the discourse was the last verse in the Bible, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."

The service was an impressive one throughout, and the speaker dwelt on the past and future work of the church.

Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Cox will spend the summer at East Harpswell, Me.

## LEXINGTON GOLF.

Saturday afternoon there was an invitation nine-hole mixed foursome competition on the links of the Lexington Club, which was won by Frank E. Davis and J. B. Thomas, with a net score of 43. In the evening about 100 members and friends enjoyed a tea and social time on the lawn in front of the club house.

Thursday morning there was a men's foursome at the Lexington Golf club, which was won by C. B. Davis and G. L. Gilmore, with a score of 101-21-80.

C. B. Davis and G. L. Gilmore..... 101 21 80

C. F. Carter and E. C. Briggs..... 104 21 83

W. Tyler and F. B. Taylor..... 99 14 83

W. B. Reed and C. Garrison..... 107 22 85

R. G. Lockwood and C. C. Lockwood..... 105 20 85

R. Stevens and C. H. Stevens..... 104 16 88

F. F. Sherburne and Z. Pierce..... 121 23 96

Mr. and Mrs. was a ladies' approach and putting contest, won by Miss Clarissa Briggs.

In the afternoon there was a mixed foursome, won by Miss E. Tyler and E. L. Gilmore, with a net score of 91.

Miss E. Tyler and Mr. E. L. Gilmore..... 116 25 91

Miss F. L. Cook and F. B. Taylor..... 103 11 92

Miss E. Briggs and W. W. Reed..... 122 21 101

Miss E. Read and E. C. Briggs..... 131 17 114

No cards, Miss E. Tyler and R. G. Lockwood, Miss H. Lockwood and T. C. Lockwood, Mrs. F. S. Sherburne and Mr. Sherburne.

## PAN-AMERICAN HINT.

Quick and Inexpensive Method.

The great Pan-American exposition has realized fully the expectations of the managers, while the great public is more than pleased with the artistic and inventive displays provided.

The creative genius apparent in the architecture of so many buildings is without equal and its effects obtained through the marvelous color decorations are simply astounding.

The landscape work has devolved the grounds into a perfect paradise. The exhibits are a chosen lot and far superior in comparison to those of all other expositions.

Buffalo as a city is a most delightful place, and excursions can be made in every direction to localities intensely interesting, but the greatest attraction

is the exposition in Niagara Falls,

which is truly one of the marvels of the world. The Boston & Maine railroad is making every inducement possible for the benefit of the tourist to Buffalo from New England. The rates are the lowest, the routes most numerous—the most direct, the trains without question the best equipped of any train Boston.

The General Passenger Department of the Boston & Maine railroad, Boston, will upon application send you a Pan-

American folder, which is replete in information of service and is yours for the asking.

## LEXINGTON GRAIN MILLS.

B. C. WHITCHER, Prop.

## Flour, Grain, Hay and Straw

AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

Hay shipped direct from Michigan and delivered at lowest market prices. Grains are received direct from western growers and are sold at prices which cannot be cut under.

Office, off Massachusetts Ave., Lexington.

gr. h. n.

## THE UNLOVED.

When winter's prime is past,  
His fiercest fury done,  
And days are lengthening fast  
And kindler grows the sun,  
Oh, sweet and shy  
Our hearts reply,  
By nature's wading won,  
And whisper low  
Of bliss we'll know  
When winter's race is run!

When winter's race is spent  
And cold and bleak and gray,  
All chill and downy bent,  
He goes his weary way,  
Oh, then with smile  
Of mocking glee  
We float his weakening sway  
And find delight  
In time's glad flight  
That brings a summer day!  
—Riley D. Saunders in St. Louis Republic.

## A BURIED TREASURE

How It Was Found by a Castaway and Its Mysterious Disappearance.

My father owned the brig Penshaw, which was a tidy craft of 200 tons burden, sailing out of Australian and New Zealand ports. During the year I was 15 years old the brig was voyaging between Sydney and Wellington, a stretch of water about 1,200 miles wide. One night as we entered the strait, beating our way slowly up against a head wind, we came in collision with a coasting schooner running out. She had no lights set, and, as was afterward shown, all her crew, captain included, were half drunk and did not see ours. I was on lookout and saw the schooner first, but as we were close on the wind and she close at hand we could do nothing. She struck us on the starboard bow with a great crash. Our foremast went by the board, the schooner's bowsprit was twisted off, and the two craft bumped and crashed for three or four minutes and then separated.

In such emergencies men act on impulse and cannot always clearly remember what occurs. In this case I climbed aboard the schooner, thinking she was the least injured, and it appeared that every one of her crew tumbled on to the decks of the brig for the same reason. It was some minutes after the craft separated before I discovered that I was alone.

I now began to wonder how badly she had been damaged. I had seen that her bulwarks for a distance of 15 feet on the starboard bow had been stove in, but as to the hull itself I could not say. I should have laid her head to the sea and wind but for her damages. Young as I was, I was born at sea and a pretty fair sailor, and I knew I could not set a storm sail in the foregiving nor hold her up without it. I could not leave the wheel without fear of her breaking to, and so for the first hour I stood there expecting she would fill and founder. As she continued buoyant and I failed to hear the wash of water below decks, I finally came to the conclusion that she had received no great injury. Such proved to be the case. Her stem and some of the planks were broken above the water line, and the bulwarks had been torn away as the bowsprit was wrenched out, but her crew had no call to leave her.

The accident occurred about 10 o'clock. The wind was then blowing lively rate, but by midnight there were half a gale and a heavy sea. There was foresail enough to lift and send her, and I don't remember that I was anything more than anxious over the outcome. I was being blown to the east, right out into the south Pacific, but at that season of the year the gales were likely to be of short continuance. This one reached its height at midnight, and when daylight came the sea had very much decreased and the schooner could not have made over ten miles an hour running with all sails set.

After I could see the length of her I brought her head on, and by lashing the fore sail boom amidships and dropping the peak a little more I found she would hold there with the wheel lashed a-port. This done I went aloft for a look around, but could see nothing. Returning to the deck, I got out the union jack and set it in the main rigging as a signal of distress and then inspected damages. The little craft was as dry as a bone, though her bows above water were a complete wreck. There was little or nothing I could do to mend matters, and so I turned to and prepared breakfast. By the time that was eaten the wind had dropped to a three knot breeze, while the sky promised good weather for the next day or two.

When I came to inspect the cargo, I found it to consist mostly of lumber. This was to have been taken up the coast to the site of a new town. There were also some hardware, provisions, machinery and dry goods. The lumber in the vessel would float her, no matter if the hold was full of water, and I need have no fears on the question of food and drink. When I came to look for a chart, I could find nothing—not even a coast survey chart. The captain had seemed to trust entirely to memory or luck in making his voyages up and down. I had looked over father's charts many a time, but in such a cursory way that I could not now remember what land lay to the east of me. I remembered that the nearest coast was that of South America, but that was thousands of miles away, and I concluded that my chance lay in being picked up by some vessel.

After dinner I lay down and slept for several hours and on awakening went aloft for a look around. Nothing but sky and water was in sight. I had been driving to the west all day at the rate of about three knots an hour, and when I came to figure up the probable run of the night before I estimated that I was 100 miles off the coast. The breeze still held from the same quarter and freshened somewhat as night came on. I remained awake until about 10 o'clock and then bunked down on the deck and was so little disturbed that I slept right through the night and awoke at 6 o'clock next morning to be treated to a tremendous surprise. The schooner was high and dry on a sandy shore, and before me was a beautiful green forest. She had taken ground so softly that I had not been disturbed.

I was ashore on the Chatham Islands, a group of 14 verdant islands to the east of New Zealand and the only break in the wide waters stretching to the coast of Patagonia. I had struck one of the largest ones, called "Catharine," and I was no sooner on my feet than there was such a chattering of birds as almost deafened me. These islands were not then

inhabited and have such a sparse population now that the number is not recorded on the charts. Land being so plentiful and cheap on the island of New Zealand itself, and there being so many fertile islands along its coast, no set of people care to isolate themselves by taking up a residence on the Chathams.

I got down over the bows and reached the beach dry shod, and after three hours of walking about I found I had come ashore on an island about three miles in length and breadth—it being nearly square. It was covered with the verdure of the tropics, and while the trees seemed to be full of birds I saw neither serpents nor wild animals.

The schooner lay exposed to the western gales and seas, and it would be only a question of a week or two when she would break up or be buried in the sands. It therefore stood me in hand to get all out of her that I could before this disaster took place. I began right after dinner, and it would surprise you to know how much I accomplished in the next four days. By use of the capstan, winch and a block and pulley in the main rigging I got out 21 barrels of flour, eight of pork and beef, three of sugar and of meal and besides these I got ashore all the sails, cabin furniture, cooking utensils, etc. There were axes, shovels, picks, hoes, rakes, garden seeds, carpenter's tools and a host of other things which could be handled, and I got out enough boards to make me a cabin and floor it. On the evening of the fifth day a strong wind came up from the west, accompanied by a very high tide, and instead of the schooner breaking up she floated and a current pulled her off and she drifted down the coast about a mile. She then struck on a sunken ledge, turned over and the seas broke her up.

There was no prominent point on the island where I could set a signal. I therefore contented myself with keeping a lookout to the west. Twice during the first two weeks I saw ships afar off by the aid of the glass. Then six weeks passed without my sighting anything. Meanwhile I had erected my house back about 40 feet from the shore, got all the goods under cover and was more satisfied with my lot than some men would have been. I had no way of knowing whether father's brig went down in the collision or not, but was satisfied that if he escaped with his life he would make search for me.

An American woman also it was who invented the method of preserving funeral wreaths. This was as far back as 1863, and now in the woman's department of the patent office there are on exhibition wreaths preserved by that particular method since that year. One of the best methods of embalming was also the invention of an American woman.—Cassell's Magazine.

## Greek Women.

Greek art, in current opinion, far surpasses in conception and execution all other art the world has produced. One is therefore not surprised to find that much modern literature and art are based on Greek ideals. Aside from direct influences which may be traced, literature and art abound in references to allusions to Greek life, thought and heroes, whether mythical or historical. Although women played comparatively an insignificant part in Greek civilization, it is by no means an insignificant place which the women of Greece fill in modern literature and art.

The Greek women were beautiful, and their beauty was highly appreciated there can be no doubt. The Greeks loved symmetry, form and beauty of person, especially when combined with strength and activity. Greek art was based on similar principles. The Greek woman was much in the open air, always finding active employment, never allowing time to become a burden. Her strength and freshness of body produced a sweetness of temper and soundness of mind which serve as a charming background for literary or artistic treatment. Not a vicious woman appeared in either "Iliad" or "Odyssey." "Hellas," the later name for Greece itself, was originally applied to one section of the country as an epithet for "land of the beautiful women," beautiful both in physical and personal equipments.

## Invented by Women.

Nearly all the modern appliances for making housekeeping easy have been the inventions of American women. A clothes wringer, now known all over the world, was the invention of a negro charwoman in Washington. A self closing bread bin is one of the American woman's inventions. It is a cylindrical bin that closes itself the instant the bread is put into it. It is also used for cake and biscuits. Then there is the pea shelling machine, the cabbage cutter, the various vegetable slicing machines, the self acting knife washer, which keeps the handles from being put into the hot water and loosened, the egg breaker, the fruit and vegetable peeling machines, the raisin seeders. Patents for all these household necessities have been issued by the American patent office to women.

There was no prominent point on the island where I could set a signal. I therefore contented myself with keeping a lookout to the west. Twice during the first two weeks I saw ships afar off by the aid of the glass. Then six weeks passed without my sighting anything. Meanwhile I had erected my house back about 40 feet from the shore, got all the goods under cover and was more satisfied with my lot than some men would have been. I had no way of knowing whether father's brig went down in the collision or not, but was satisfied that if he escaped with his life he would make search for me.

An American woman also it was who invented the method of preserving funeral wreaths. This was as far back as 1863, and now in the woman's department of the patent office there are on exhibition wreaths preserved by that particular method since that year. One of the best methods of embalming was also the invention of an American woman.—Cassell's Magazine.

## That Alabaster Neck.

"It is no use trying for an alabaster neck, girls," said the handsome woman, "if you were not born with it. You may make it a bit plumper with hot baths and olive oil, by exercise and by filling out the chest by proper breathing; you may make it whiter with cucumber milk, but recognize your limitations and be content when you have done the best that you may. I saw a grizzly old carpenter at his work the other day, and he had the nearest approach to that alabaster neck we read about of any one I have ever seen. It was plainly visible with his old shirt turned away in front. Contrasting strikingly with the darker skin of his throat above was a neck as white as milk, without a hollow, without a bone, without a line. It is no use. A beauty, like a genius, is born, not made. We must freshen up our brown necks as best we may and in the meantime give thanks that we are not grizzled carpenters even with alabaster necks thrown in."—New York Times.

## She Grows Violets by the Tubful.

A clergyman's daughter in England has found a profitable employment which she can carry on without leaving her family. She supplies violets to the London trade for crystallizing, sending the heads of the Neapolitan violets which she cultivates up to town and selling them at so much a pound. She grows her violets in tubs, with holes all round, planting the roots in layers one on top of another, with good earth between, the flowers being able to grow out of the holes in the sides of the tubs. She therefore gets a profusion of blossoms in a very small space. She has also tried strawberries grown in this manner, which have been very successful for the early market, and by growing them in a mass on the sides of a movable tub she is able to get them a greater amount of sun, which materially adds to the value of forced strawberries or fruit of any kind.

## Don'ts.

Don't make any one feel self conscious in your presence. It indicates that you are excessively self conscious yourself. Don't expect too much from other people, but encourage them to expect a great deal from you, and be sure you fulfill their expectations.

Don't make too much of your bodily ailments. It makes you tiresome to yourself.

Don't be cynical. It indicates that you are very young or that you have never become mature.

Don't vent on one man the irritation caused by the mistake of another. Don't vent on others the irritation caused by your own mistakes. Don't vent your irritation on anybody.

Don't apply these don'ts to other people. Apply them to yourself or else don't apply them at all.—Kansas City Journal.

## The Teeth.

The constant and regular use of the teeth in masticating hard food tends to make them continually grow harder and stronger and better able to resist the influences that make for decay, while, on the other hand, living on soft food and neglect of mastication make them tender, soften the enamel and render them easily susceptible to corroding effects. A dentist, speaking on this subject, says: "Some men have healthy teeth all their lives because they were given good hard food during infancy. That is the period to begin to save the teeth. Mothers and nurses give children soft food, in many cases utterly ignorant of the result. Crusts and hard stuffs should be given to children as soon as they can eat them. In this way the teeth begin to grow healthy and gradually harden with time and use."

## To Render Cloth Waterproof.

Stir one ounce of sugar of lead and one ounce of powdered alum into a gallon of rainwater, and when clear pour off the liquid. Soak the cloth in this for 24 hours, and when dry it will be found quite rainproof. Material treated in this manner should not be worn more than necessary.

## Their Charm.

"I heard you congratulating Mr. Scribner on his short stories. What on earth do you find to admire about them?"

"Their shortness."

## CALL 'EM UP.

Telephone Directory of Live Business Houses, Which Advertise in the Enterprise.

Below will be found a list of the Enterprise advertisers whose places of business or residences have a telephone connection. The list is published for the convenience of Enterprise readers, who may desire to communicate with these establishments.

Lucius A. Austin, Lexington 14-3.  
Arlington House, Arlington 156-2.  
Arlington Insurance Agency, Arl. 303-5.  
Belmont Coal Co., Arl. 35-3.  
A. L. Bacon, 133-3.  
Henry W. Beal, Arl. 141-3; Boston office, Main 1656.  
A. E. Cotton, Arl. 23-4.  
Crescent Cash Grocery, Arl. 21, 358.  
David Clark, Arl. 89-3.  
Charles Gott, Arl. 38-3; house, Arl. 32-2.  
C. H. Gannett, Main 386-3.  
N. J. Hardy, Arl. 8-2; house, Arl. 112-2.  
W. K. Hutchinson, Arl. 339-3; Heights branch, Arl. 321-5; house, Arl. 329-3.  
J. Henry Hartwell, Arl. 127-4; house, Arl. 104-2.  
H. F. Hook, Hay. 1642-4.  
H. B. Johnson, Arl. 134-2.  
Johnson's Arlington Express, Arl. 122-3.  
Litchfield's Studio, 307-3.  
George A. Law, Arl. 73-3.  
Lexington Lumber Co., Lex. 48.  
John J. Leahy, Arl. 37-2.  
R. W. Le Baron, Arl. 79-2.  
Lexington Grain Mills, Lex. 31-3; house, Arl. 21-2.  
A. S. Mitchell, Main 1509.  
Perham's Pharmacy, 115-3; pay station, 21, 59-2; house, 329-6.  
W. W. Robertson, Arl. 128-4.  
E. Price, Arl. 98-2.  
Dr. Ring's Sanitarium, Arl. 205-2.  
W. W. Rawson, Arl. 15-3; house, Arl. 152-2; Boston office, Main 2345.  
George W. Sampson, Lex. 24-2; house, Lex. 61-7.  
C. H. Stone, Arl. 131-4.  
W. P. Schwamb & Bro., Arl. 111-3.  
Simpson Bros., Main 1155.  
A. A. Tilden, Arl. 2134.  
T. Welch & Son, pay station, 21353.  
Wood Bros. Express, Arl. 242-7.  
John G. Waage, Arl. 149-4.  
Wetherbee Bros., Arl. 149-5.

## CHAS. GOTTL Carriage Builder,

450 Mass. Ave.,  
ARLINGTON, MASS.

Jobbing in all branches

Fine Painting a Specialty

Have Your Horses Shod  
AT  
Mill Street Shoeing Forge,  
26 Mill Street,  
ARLINGTON.

Special attention paid to Overreaching and Interfering Horses.

Horses Shod by experienced workmen.

First-class work guaranteed. Horses called for and delivered.

## MY SPECIALTY

is correcting such Eye troubles as are caused by Defective Vision, etc.

Oculists' Prescriptions Compounded.  
OPTICAL REPAIRING.

Prices as low as is consistent with requirements.

FRED W. DERBY, Refracting Optician,  
458 Massachusetts Ave., Arlington.

J. C. McDONALD,  
Fruit and Confectionery,  
Hot and Cold Soda and

QUICK LUNCH  
TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

Lexington and Boston Waiting Room.

Arlington Heights.

JAMES E. DUFFY,  
Hair Dresser,  
Pool Room Connected.

461 Massachusetts Avenue, Arlington.

T. M. CANNIFF,  
Hairdresser,

943 Mass. ave., Arlington

Wm. P. Schwamb & Bro.  
Window Screen and

Screen Door Makers.

Office and Shop, 1033 Mass Ave.

ARLINGTON.

We make a specialty of repairing and correctly fitting Screens and Doors. Also the repairing and repainting of Piazza Chairs and Seats. We guarantee first class work and fair prices. All communications will receive prompt attention.

B. SWENSEN,  
INTERIOR PAINTER.

Ceiling, Enameling and Hardwood Finish, a Specialty. All kinds of work done in a first-class manner.

Resident of Arlington 12 years. Best of references given.

10 Teel Place, Arlington, Mass.

Welch's Market.

Groceries and Provisions,

941 Massachusetts Ave., Arlington.

Telephone Connection, 21253.

E. F. DONNELLAN,  
Upholsterer & Cabinet Maker

Furniture, Mattresses, Window Shades, Awnings and Draperies made to order. Antique Furniture Repaired and Polished. Furniture Repaired. Carpets Made and Laid.

Mail orders promptly attended to.

442 Massachusetts Ave., Arlington.

New Orleans Picayune.

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

## The Boy's Knife.

All boys have knives in their pockets, but some of them are so dull they are not much use either to their owners or to their owners' neighbors. A boy without a knife, as I know from experience, is very miserable and in a poor way to get all the enjoyment out of life. Of course girls do not use knives so much as boys

## LEXINGTON CHURCHES, SOCIETIES, ETC.

### CHURCH OF OUR REDEEMER Episcopal.

Services—Sunday preaching 11 a.m.; Sunday school 9:45 a.m.; holy communion first and third Sundays of each month. FIRST PARISH UNITARIAN CHURCH Rev. Carleton A. Staples, pastor residence Massachusetts avenue, near Elm avenue, Lexington. Services—Sunday, 10:30 a.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Sewing circle every other Thursday. Young People's guild every Sunday evening in the vestry at 7 p.m.

FOLLEN UNITARIAN CHURCH. Massachusetts Avenue, near Pleasant street, west, E. L. Follett.

Rev. Lorenzo D. Cochrane, residence Locust Avenue, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 10:45 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school 12:00 m. Follen Alliance fortnightly, Thursdays, at 2 p.m. Follen guild meets 6:30 p.m., Sunday. Lenten Club and Little Helpers.

HANCOCK CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. Massachusetts Avenue, opposite the Common.

Rev. Charles F. Carter, pastor, residence Hancock street. Services—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Week days Y. P. S. C. E. Monday evening; prayer, Thursday, 7:45 p.m.

LEXINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH. Massachusetts Ave., near Wallis Place.

Rev. J. H. Cox, pastor, residence West Thirteenth Street. Services—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Tuesday, 7:45 p.m.; Y. P. S. C. E. Friday, 7:45 p.m., prayer meeting.

Branche Emerson Hall, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 3 p.m.; Sunday school 4 p.m.; Thursday evening, 7:45 p.m., prayer meeting.

ST. BRIDGET'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH. Massachusetts Ave., near Elm Ave.

Rev. P. J. Kavanagh, pastor, residence next to the church. Services—Alternate Sundays at 9 and 10:30 a.m.; vespers 4 p.m., every Sunday; Weekdays, mass at 8 a.m.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONs.

Simon Robinson Lodge.

Meets at Masonic hall, Town Hall building, second Monday of each month at 7:30 p.m.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Hancock street, corner Bedford street, second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month.

IMPROVED ORDER OF HERTA-SOTHS.

Lexington Conclave.

Meets at A. O. U. W. hall, second and fourth Wednesday evenings.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

George G. Meade Post 119.

Meets in Grand Army hall third Thursday of each month.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

Council No. 94.

Meets in Lexington hall, Hunt block, Massachusetts avenue, first and third Tuesdays of each month.

LEXINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Meets in Corey hall, second Tuesday evenings of winter months.

THE LEND-A-HAND OF THE UNITED RIAN CHURCH.

Meetings second Tuesday in each month at 3 p.m. in the church vestry.

ART CLUB.

Meetings held Monday afternoons at members' residences, from November 1st to May 1st.

EAST LEXINGTON FINANCE CLUB.

Meets first Monday each month at Stone building, East Lexington.

LEXINGTON MONDAY CLUB.

Meets in winter every week at homes of members. Membership limited to 15.

SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

Meetings held Monday evenings, at members' residences, from October 15 to May 15.

THE TOURIST CLUB.

Meetings held at members' houses, Monday 2:30 p.m.

LEXINGTON FIRE ALARM.

LOCATION OF BOXES.

45 cor. Pleasant and Watertown streets.

46 cor. Waltham and Middle streets.

48 cor. Lincoln and School streets.

52 cor. Clark and Forest streets.

54 cor. Mass. Avenue and Cedar street.

56 Bedford street, New Lexington depot.

57 Bedford street opp. J. M. Reeds,

58 cor. Hancock and Adams streets.

59 cor. Ash and Reed streets.

62 cor. Woburn and Vine streets.

63 cor. Woburn and Lowell streets.

65 Lowell street near Arlington line.

72 Warren st. opp. Mrs. W. R. Monroe's.

73 cor. Mass. Avenue and Woburn street.

74 cor. Franklin and Lincoln streets.

75 Mass. Avenue and Percy road.

76 Mass. Avenue opp. Village hall.

77 Mass. Avenue and Pleasant street.

78 Mass. Avenue opp. E. Lexington depot.

79 Mass. Avenue and Sylvia streets.

81 Bedford street near Elm street.

82 Centre Engine House.

83 cor. Grant and Sherman streets.

84 cor. Merriam and Oakland streets.

85 cor. Elm street near Hancock avenue.

86 cor. Mass. and Elm avenues.

87 Chandler street opp. J. P. Prince's.

88 Mass. Avenue near town hall.

PRIVATE BOXES.

231 Morris estate, Lowell street.

561 Carhouse, Bedford st., No. Lexington.

DEPARTMENT SIGNALS.

Second alarm, repetition of first; general alarm, eleven blows; all out, two blows; brush fire, three blows followed by box number.

SPECIAL SIGNALS.

Test signal, one blow at 12 m.; no school signal; three blows repeated three times; police call, five blows three times; special signal, 22 five times from electric light station.

LOCATION OF WHISTLES, ETC.

Whistle at electric light station, bell on Follett church, East Lexington, taper at residence of chief engineer, taper at residence of first assistant engineer, taper at residence of second assistant engineer, taper at pumping station, taper at residence of Wm. Bratt, police, taper at residence of C. H. Franks, police, taper at centre engine house, taper at East Lexington engine house, taper at residence of James E. Shelye.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Before giving an alarm be sure a fire exists.

Give the alarm at the nearest box.

Put the hook way down, only once, and let it go.

Never give an alarm for a fire seen at a distance.

Walt at the box, if possible, and direct the firemen to the fire.

Never give a second alarm for the same fire; all second alarms are given by the engineers or other persons in authority.

Never give an alarm for a brush fire unless buildings are in danger; but inform the engineers and they will take action to extinguish it.

Citizens are requested to inform themselves as to the location of keys. Signs over the boxes will give the necessary information.

CAUTION TO PERSONS HAVING KEYS.

Never open boxes except to give an alarm.

You cannot remove your key until an engineer releases it, and it will then be returned to you.

Never allow the key out of your possession except to some responsible party for the purpose of giving an alarm, and then see that it is returned.

If you remove from your place of residence or business, return the key to the chief engineer.

## BOWIE AND HIS KNIFE

HE CALLED IT THE WEAPON THAT NEVER MISSED FIRE.

IT WAS MADE OF AN OLD STEEL FILE AND WAS SHARPENED TO A RAZOR EDGE. WITH IT HE KILLED SIXTEEN MEN—THE DUEL WITH NORRIS WRIGHT.

James Bowie, famous by reason of the world renowned knife called by his name, was born in Burke county, Ga., in 1790. In 1802 his father emigrated to Louisiana. That country was then still under French domination. There had been large tracts of land granted by the French crown in the territory named for Louis XIV, and one of these, in the parish of Catahoula, was acquired by the elder Bowie. He was a man of substance, owning nearly 100 slaves. He soon had his estate opened out and was growing superb crops of cotton and corn. His son James he sent first to a famous private school at Natchez, Miss., and afterward to the Jesuit college, there located in New Orleans.

James Bowie in 1827 was challenged to a duel with Norris Wright. The pocket pistols of that day were uncertain. It was long before the percussion cap had been brought into common use, and the flintlock arm was the only firearm known.

It was liable to miss fire just when it ought not to. Bowie determined to rely upon a knife he had caused to be made for just such a contingency. He had taken a 14 inch file, such as was then used to sharpen crosscut saws and the upright saws used for turning out planks from logs. He had the file marks carefully ground off the file and the smooth piece of steel skillfully reduced by the grindstone until it was about the thickness and weight he desired. Then he took it to a Spaniard in New Orleans known as "Pedro, the skilled cutter," a man who had learned his art in Toledo, where the finest sword blades in all Spain were forged. He tempered and finished the knife, fitted it with a crosspiece and hilt. When it was done, James Bowie had a weapon "fit to fight for a man's life with," as he said to Governor Wells. It was beautifully balanced, and the artist had hollow ground it like a razor, with a double edge for three or four inches from the point.

The knife was fitted with a wooden scabbard, covered with leather, and was sharp enough to shave the hair off the back of one's hand. This was the original bowie knife, though it was somewhat modified subsequently in shape. Natchez island, where the fight was to be, was midway between the Louisiana and Mississippi shores of the great Father of Waters. Therefore it was a favorite meeting place for gentlemen who had to adjust affairs that might have a fatal ending, as the authorities of neither state could interfere.

It was understood that each of the principals should have but one friend, and certainly not more than two, on the ground. But Mr. Wright had five or six present. The fight began with pistols. One of Bowie's missed fire, while both of Wright's took effect upon his antagonist. Thinking he had Bowie at his mercy, Norris Wright sprang upon him. In a moment Bowie had drawn his deadly knife, and though two or three of Wright's friends were shooting at him, and hitting him, too, Bowie made one awful slash at Wright's neck. The keen steel hit into the very neckbone. The blood shot out over Bowie, and Norris Wright was dead before he touched the ground.

Seriously wounded himself, it was for some time a very doubtful question whether or not he would ever get well. But youth, a temperate life and an excellent constitution finally brought him around, and in a year from that time he killed General Crahn with the same knife he had used in his first encounter. "The knife doesn't miss fire," he said to an intimate friend, Mr. Rynum of the parish of Rapides. "The pistol does."

James Bowie was engaged in the purchase and contest of claims for great tracts of land that had been grants made by the French crown. When Louisiana was ceded to the United States and finally became a state, there was a good deal of trouble on this account over some of the titles to land along the Red river and its tributaries. A man often had to fight for his plantation, as frequently he would not give it up to somebody with an old French or Spanish grant. It was in these contests that James Bowie did the most of his killing. He had 16 lives on his hands from the use of that one knife. After much consideration he had made a knife that has been the model and pattern for all the real bowie knives that ever had the sanction of their originator.

In 1835 Colonel Bowie sold his Louisiana property and went to Texas. The Lone Star State was in the throes of a bloody revolution. The gallant resistance of the Texans so exasperated General Santa Anna, who was chief in command of the Mexican forces, that he swore he would take no more prisoners. When Bowie arrived in Texas, he was at once made a colonel of riflemen in the army of Texas.

In January, 1836, Colonel Bowie was ordered to San Antonio de Bexar to assist in holding that place against Santa Anna's coming forces. The siege ran along until March, when San Antonio, trusting in the pledged word of honor of Santa Anna, with a starved out garrison, surrendered. A general massacre took place. Travis, Crockett and Bowie were murdered in cold blood, a stain on General Santa Anna's memory that time can never blot out. Colonel Bowie was badly wounded three times and was in a room of the main work of the place called the Alamo. He opposed the surrender as long as was possible.

He was lying on his bed when he heard the triumphant Mexicans coming in. It was the first hint he had had of the surrender. He knew his life was ended. He could, however, move about a little. The instant the Mexicans came into the room they began shooting at him. He grasped his knife and leaped among them like an enraged tiger. And when the firing ended six of his enemies had crossed the Styx with James Bowie and gone with him to the shades.—Washington Post.

WANTED A CHANGE OF DIET.

There are some things of which even the poor may get more than is necessary. A weary and hungry man fell from sheer faintness by the wayside. A crowd gathered at once, and an officious bystander hustled forward, shouting:

"Stand back! Give him air!"

The fainting man rallied and sat up.

"Air!" he gasped. "Give me air! Why, gentlemen, I've had nothing but air for three weeks!"

Repairing in all its branches.

Furnace Work and Hot Water Heating a Specialty.

Sherburne Row, Mass. Ave., Lexington.

## JOHN A. FRATUS, Jeweler, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

All Repairing Guaranteed.

Store At Post Office,  
Lexington.

## CAMELLIA PLACE Conservatories

Off Hancock Avenue  
and Bedford Street,  
Lexington, Mass.

CAMELLIAS,  
AZALEAS,

CARNATIONS,  
VIOLETS,  
ACACIA,

and other cut blooms in great variety.

ALSO CHOICE PLANTS FOR  
Decorations of Halls and Churches

Flowers for Funerals, Receptions,  
and other occasions furnished and  
arranged very promptly. Orders  
solicited.

JAMES COMLEY.

## FACTS ABOUT CIGARS.

A 10c. cigar cannot be sold for 5c. because men are not in business for their health.

A good 5c. cigar can be and is often sold for 10c., because large sums are expended in advertising it which the smoker must pay for.

### The "Blue Bird"

is such a 5c. cigar. It is worth 5c.

No manufacturer can give you better.

TRY ONE AND BE CONVINCED.

MANUFACTURED BY

CHARLES G. KAUFFMANN,  
East Lexington.

## LEX

## A FITTING TRIBUTE.

Arlington People Raise Money by Subscription for Family of Officer Cody  
—Hundreds of Dollars Pledged.

A popular subscription for the benefit of the wife and five children of Officer Garrett J. Cody, who was killed Tuesday, has been circulated through Arlington the past three days. Already the amount subscribed is over a thousand dollars, and many who will be sure to contribute liberally have not been approached.

The project was started Wednesday in the office of the Enterprise in Arlington. Major Frank H. Trefethen, the telephone exchange and the manager of the Enterprise had a short conference relative to raising a few dollars among the business men for the purchase of flowers for the funeral, yesterday, and a paper to that effect was drawn up. It was signed by a number of persons in a few minutes, and \$25 was found to be subscribed.

The paper was then changed so that all amounts over \$10 should be for the benefit of Mrs. Cody and her children. This movement met with the greatest favor, and a number of persons applied for the privilege of circulating the papers. The entire community feels that in the death of Mr. Cody while in the performance of his duty, it should express to his bereaved family its sincere regret for the loss sustained, and in this way pay a fitting tribute to the deceased.

Among those who have contributed the subscription papers are Frank H. Clark, Selectman; Elwin S. Farmer, James Bailey, Jr., Selectman; George J. Doe, Superintendent of Schools; F. S. Sutcliffe, and Chief of Police Alfonzo S. Harriman. These subscriptions were received up at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon:

Warren W. Rawson	\$100.00
James A. Bailey, Jr.	100.00
R. W. Hopkins	100.00
A. D. Hoitt	50.00
Oly Robbins	100.00
E. S. Harriman	100.00
Arlington Police Relief Association	20.00
Mrs. Margaret Dale	2.00
A. A. Tilden	1.00
H. M. Chase	6.50
E. L. Rankin	1.00
J. G. Kerman	1.00
B. R. Cleary	1.00
H. A. Perham	7.00
E. E. Upham	5.46
Frank P. Dyer	1.00
Arlington Enterprise	5.00
F. H. Trefethen	1.00
C. D. Cobb	1.00
Charles H. Stevens	1.00
James A. Bird	1.00
T. J. Robinson	1.00
Charles Gott	1.00
James A. Marden	1.00
O. W. Whittemore	1.00
N. J. Hardy	1.00
W. E. Marshall	1.00
E. J. Tappan	1.00
J. M. Murphy	3.00
George D. Moore	50.00
William A. Muller	50.00
Henry D. Dodge	10.00
Herbert L. Cox	5.00
Wyman Bros.	100.00
Theodore Schwamb	50.00
J. S. Crosby & Son	50.00
W. P. Hardy	1.00
W. K. Hutchinson	1.00
Yerxa Verxa	1.00
A. H. Seaver	1.00
J. E. Langdon	1.00
L. C. Tyler	1.00
George W. Yale	1.00
Telephone operators	1.00
George P. Winn	1.00
F. S. Breen	1.00
D. W. Healey	1.00
Roy D. Young	1.00
H. C. Moseley	2.00
E. S. Ferguson	1.00
George W. McClellan	1.00
Edwin P. Stickney	10.00
John Ropes	1.00
Edward D. Hooker	10.00
F. E. Sutcliffe	1.00
C. S. Parker	1.00
Cash from Lexington	1.00
Henry Hornblower	1.00
F. E. Thompson	1.00
Misses Niles	50.00
Wendell E. Richardson	10.00
O. B. Moxton	10.00
Robert H. White	5.00
H. M. Willis	5.00
H. C. Fessenden	5.00
Thomas W. Talcott	5.00
Walter L. Hill	20.00
Total	31,454.96

## EARNED THEIR VICTORY.

Arlington Boat Club Defeats Wellingtons by Narrow Margin.

By a narrow margin the A. B. C. base ball nine won from their old rivals the Wellingtons, Thursday, on Lawrencefield. Jefferson, the second baseman, played a great game, with two hits, four put-outs, and five assists, besides being in two double plays. Cook pitched an excellent game.

The score:

Arlington Boat Club, a. b. r. l. b. p. o. a. e.  
Gray, ss ..... 5 1 2 3 1 0 0 0  
Christenson, lf ..... 4 2 1 2 3 0 0 0  
Harris, cf ..... 4 1 2 3 3 0 0 0  
Rankin, rf ..... 5 2 1 2 3 0 0 0  
Leach, 3b ..... 5 1 1 1 0 0 0 0  
Twombly, 1b ..... 5 1 4 2 6 10 0 1  
Jefferson, 2b ..... 1 2 2 4 5 9 0 0  
Wood, c ..... 5 0 0 0 9 1 0 0  
Cook, p ..... 3 1 1 0 4 0 0 0  
Totals ..... 41 9 15 20 27 15 3  
Wellingtons.

McLaughlin, ss ..... 5 1 1 0 0 0 0 0  
Story, 3b ..... 4 1 2 2 3 3 0 0  
Lewis, lf ..... 4 0 1 1 2 1 0 0  
Jones, p ..... 4 0 0 0 1 2 2 0  
Manton, c ..... 4 2 2 4 6 0 0 0  
Stafford, 2b ..... 0 2 2 4 3 1 0 0  
Quinn, cf ..... 4 1 1 3 0 0 0 0  
Gould, 1b ..... 4 0 1 1 8 0 0 2  
Goran, rf ..... 4 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
Totals ..... 37 6 10 14 24 11 5  
Wellingtons.

McLaughlin, ss ..... 5 1 1 0 0 0 0 0  
Story, 3b ..... 4 1 2 2 3 3 0 0  
Lewis, lf ..... 4 0 1 1 2 1 0 0  
Jones, p ..... 4 0 0 0 1 2 2 0  
Manton, c ..... 4 2 2 4 6 0 0 0  
Stafford, 2b ..... 0 2 2 4 3 1 0 0  
Quinn, cf ..... 4 1 1 3 0 0 0 0  
Gould, 1b ..... 4 0 1 1 8 0 0 2  
Goran, rf ..... 4 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
Totals ..... 37 6 10 14 24 11 5  
Wellingtons.

Two-base hits: Gray, Christenson, Harris, Twombly, 2. Mantion, 3; three-base hit, Quinn; stolen bases, McLaughlin, Lewis, Mantion, Gray, Harris, 2; Twombly, Cook; sacrifice hit, Leach; double plays, Story, Stafford, and Gould; Jefferson, Gray and Twombly; Jefferson and Twombly, base on balls, Harris; Cook hit by pitcher; ball, Christenson; struck out, Gray, 2; Wood, Cook; McLaughlin, 2; Jones, Mantion; Gould, 2; Goran, wild pitches, Jones; passed balls, Wood, 2; Umpire, Duffy.

ARLINGTON FIRES.

Box 27 was pulled at 12 o'clock, Monday, for a blaze in a house owned by Thomas Kearns, on Lewis Avenue, by the damage was slight.

Yesterday afternoon a barn on Park street was damaged by fire with a loss of \$1000, it is the property of John Burns. A number of boys were seen about the place shortly before the fire started, and it is believed they are in some manner accountable.

Hattie G. Harnett, daughter of Jules Harnett, died last week Friday, aged 12 years.

George O. Russell was struck over the right eye with a golf ball, Thursday, and several stitches were necessary to close the wound.

Messrs. Wm. P. Schwamb & Bro., window screen makers, 1033 Massachusetts Avenue, make a specialty of repairing screens, doors and picture chairs. See their advt.; it will interest you.

DIED.

STORER—At Arlington, July 1, Edward Storer, 83 years, 3 months.

*E. W. Groves*

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

## ARLINGTON LOCALS.

Joseph Ronco, the popular barber in the postoffice block, Arlington, ran the middle finger of his right hand too close to an electric fan, one day last week, and his finger got the worst end of it. The member was badly cut in several places and had to receive medical attention.

Corrigan Gallagher, of Webster street, was struck in the eye with a stone thrown by a fellow companion, Chester White, last Saturday, and severely injured. The boys, who are about twelve or thirteen years of age, were playing in the street when the affair occurred. It is thought young Gallagher may lose the sight of the eye.

Foster Brooks and family, of Massachusetts Avenue, are at Fayville for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Turner and family of Pleasant street, are at Menahant for the summer.

Patricia James E. Whitten and family left Monday for a vacation at Arrowe, Me.

Mrs. Nellie M. Farmer will spend part of the summer at her farm at Stockbridge, Vt.

George A. Russell and family of Jason street are at Provincetown for the summer.

One of the quietest Fourth's ever known in Arlington was Thursday. There was less than the usual noise the night before, and the day was as calm as could be wished for. The boat club has its annual observance of the day, but had no special features.

The Crescent Hill club observed the day with races for young people in the morning. Refreshments were served from 3 to 5, and there was an entertainment in the evening.

Deputy M. J. Kelly, of William E. Russell, Esq., F. A. of Cambridge, installed the officers of Court-Pride of this place Monday evening. He was ably assisted by a suite made up of members of Courts Montreal and William E. Russell. There were eleven candidates initiated into the mysteries of Forestry. Speeches were made by many of the visiting brothers followed by a collation. The order which is still young in Arlington, is showing remarkable gains, and the organizers of the lodge are rightly proud of their success.

The final report of the committee appointed by the First Parish to investigate and ascertain the needs of the church in the way of repairs was given Monday evening at the adjourned meeting. The report was accepted without a vote.

It was voted to remain as it is for the present. This is believed to mean that nothing further in the way of repairs will be done this year.

Dr. H. G. T. Woodbridge has entered

for the summer at Spy pond grove next Saturday. All events are open to registered amateur, and the course consists of 100 yards run, 80 yards run, one mile run and running broad jump besides special match races. The games are sanctioned by the N. E. A. A. U. One of the features of the day will be the open amateur boxing bouts at 125 pounds.

William H. Jones, of Parallel street, is spending a few days with his family at the summer residence in Weston.

A horse owned by George H. Lowe, the cobbler and roader, amused a number of Arlington people, Tuesday forenoon by eating papers out of a waster-barrel in front of the police station. The animal had been standing nearby for some time, and was evidently getting hungry, for it was about noon. He approached the barrel and snuffed the contents, and proceeded to help himself. He took a bite of the papers and was evidently pleased with the taste, for he had consumed them would have put a silly goat to shame. An officer chanced to see the feast, and quickly put a stop to it. It is not known whether the dog or waste paper was the main motive for the animal's action, the horse looks sick and well, so Mr. Lowe has found a new horse food which works satisfactorily, it is thought he should announce the fact to the owners of other horses.

A large plate glass window at the First National bank, Arlington, was broken by a cannon fire cracker, Wednesday night. The window was insured.

In spite of the heat last Sunday, good audiences were in attendance. The opening of the meeting discourse was "Fathers," in the evening "Redemption."

The men of the congregation will give an entertainment in Crescent Hill, Thursday night, July 18. They hope to exceed the entertainment given by the Ladies Aid, a week ago, and which was

so successful.

## Arlington Heights.

Mr. and Mrs. Preston Stearns are at Nantucket.

At the Outlook, the night before the Fourth, wind and weather were at their best for the view of fire balloons, rockets and fireworks of all sorts, scattered far and wide over the great Boston area. The Outlook of the Outlook is the best possible for this purpose, and it was equally favorable to show off the special display provided for the guests through the generosity of Francis E. Blake, of Boston. Mr. Blake has spent several summers at the Outlook, and has often added much pleasure to its red-letter days. The fire works were well set off, and beautified the sky when the last bang and whiz were flushed in smoke, a round of vigorous cheering was given him. Among the visitors were quite a number of neighbors and friends at the Heights, and a jolly party of young folks from Belmont. Not all the evening's pleasure went up in smoke, for some went to Belmont and islands and Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Trefethen, of Lowell street, have given up their contemplated move to New Hampshire and will remain here. Mr. Trefethen resumes his work at the Dover Stamping Co., Cambridge, the same establishment where he has been employed for so many years. He is foreman of the tin shop there.

Miss Sula King of Westminster avenue, left Thursday morning on an extended trip with friends to the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo, Thousand Islands and Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Henry Butters, of Concord, N. H., have been visiting friends on Claremont avenue.

The adjourned monthly business meeting of the Arlington Heights Baptist church was held Wednesday evening.

B. F. Cann, who has been spending several months in New Hampshire, is expected home soon. He will be welcomed by the Arlington police force and the community, who are superstitious about him.

The experiments are looking for a cool spot—if it can be found—and the Heights will miss them for a few weeks.

The stay-at-homes will have ample opportunity to ride around the country on the electrics soon. This week we make connections with all the ends of the earth, since the new car house is opened. Henceforth Arlington centre is a way station to Boston.

Alexander Beaton, who has the contract to build Mr. Brigham's new house on Appleton street, is pushing the work rapidly.

H. A. Gorham and family are away for the summer, some in the country and some at the seashore.

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The evening of July 2, Massachusetts Avenue, from the car house almost to Lowell street, was a brilliant scene. All along the route of the omnibus cars without shelter awaiting a chance to run under cover and the sound of the workman's hammer, was something uncommon.

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